My back a tother side, a my backe, my backe:
Beshrewe your heart for sending me about
To catch my death with iaunsing vp and downe.
Iu. Ifaith I am sorrie that thou art not well.
Sweete, sweete, sweete Nurse, tell me what sayes my loue?
Nur. Your loue sayes like an honest gentleman,
An a Courteous, and a kinde, and a handsome,
And I warrant a vertuous, where is your mother?
Iu. Where is my mother, why she is within, wher should she be?
How odly thou replyest:
Your loue sayes like an honest gentleman,
Where is your mother?
Nur. O Gods lady deare,
Are you so hot, marrie come vp I trow,
Is this the poultis for my aking bones:
Henceforward do your messages your selfe.
Iu. Heres such a coyle, come what sayes *Romeo*?
Nur. Haue you got leaue to go to shrift to day?
Iu. I haue.
Nur. Then high you hence to Frier *Lawrence* Cell,
There stayes a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood vp in your cheekes,
Theile be in scarlet straight at any newes:
Hie you to Church, I must an other way,
To fetch a Ladder by the which your loue
Must climbe a birds neast soone when it is darke,
I am the drudge, and toyle in your delight:
But you shall beare the burthen soone at night.
Go ile to dinner, hie you to the Cell.
Iuli. Hie to high fortune, honest Nurse farewell.
Exeunt.

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. So smile the heauens vpon this holy act,
That after houres, with sorrow chide vs not.
Ro. Amen, amen, but come what sorrow can,
It cannot counteruaile the exchange of ioy

That one short minute giues me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then loue-deuouring death do what he dare,
It is inough I may but call her mine.
Fri. These violent delights haue violent endes,
And in their triumph die like fier and powder:
Which as they kisse consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his owne deliciousnesse,
And in the taste confoundes the appetite.
Therefore loue moderately, long loue doth so,
Too swift arriues, as tardie as too slowe.

Enter Iuliet.

Here comes the Lady, Oh so light a foote
Will nere weare out the euerlasting flint,
A louer may bestride the gossamours.
That ydeles in the wanton sommer ayre,
And yet not fall, so light is vanitie.
Iu. Good euen to my ghostly confessor.
Fri. *Romeo* shall thanke thee daughter for vs both.
Iu. As much to him, else is his thankes too much.
Ro. Ah *Iuliet*, if the measure of thy ioy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blason it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour ayre, and let rich musicke tongue,
Vnfold the imagind happines that both
Receiue in either, by this deare encounter.
Iu. Conceit more rich in matter then in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament,
They are but beggers that can count their worth,
But my true loue is growne to such excesse,
I cannot sum vp sum of halfe my wealth.
Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make short
For by your leaues, you shall not stay alone, (worke,
Till holy Church incorporate two in one.